

AUTHOR'S NOTE

There is an inexpressible pathos in the passing of the Red man. This is now taking place in what was once known as "The Great Lone Land."

The "Legend" carries the reader from the first "Council" of chiefs, held in the wilds, to the scene of the Tribes at war. The "arrow" and "battle-axe" bespeaking strife. The "Winds" personified, are peace-makers. The "Bat" illustrates the blindness of the people. The "rising Sun" points to the dawn of civilization, and the last "Moon of Meat" is shown setting in the darkness which has fallen upon the Red-man's horizon. "Flower and fern" show growth, and the "Song of Toil" tells the awakening of the west—the coming of the white man. The broken "Peace-pipe" eloquently depicts the closing scenes of the weird days of savage splendor when the West was young.

Victoria, B. C., 1908.

K. S. H.

THE LEGEND OF THE WEST

SOUVENIR
EDITION

By K. Simpson Hayes

Illustrations by Lilian J. Clarke

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Introduction.

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THE Indians are the Arabs of America, with all the picturesque poetry and romance of the desert runner; only we have no Bayard Taylor to make vocal that poetry; and I have often wondered why no one has embodied in art of some sort—picture or allegory—the legends of our North-West Crees, as Longfellow's "Hiawatha" eternally preserves the legend of the Ojibway, and the epic "Kalevala" the legend of the Finnish people. We must be quick about it and the work must be done now, or the race will have gone down that trail where all tracks point one way!

October 20th 1908

Hyman C. Bart.

THAT
THE
MOONS
TO
COME



SHALL
KEEP
MEMORY
OF MY
PEOPLE

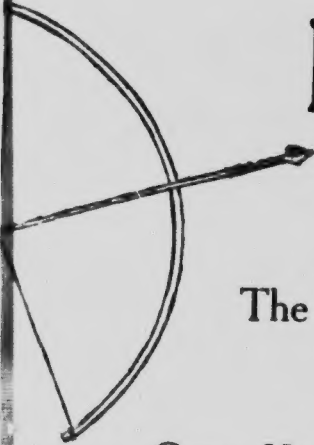




WHERE the
Great Mountains rise
sat my people in
council.

It was the fat of the Year—in the Moon of Meat—and the
sound of hoofs made thunder in the land.

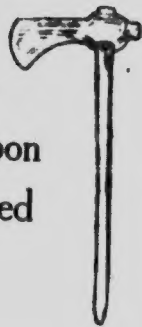




BRAVES went forth. From the lodges youths
poured—the women bearing the burdens
following after.

The feast was spread—A great feast it was.

Came Kus-ko-wum-usk to the feast;—a thirst came upon
my people; a thirst for blood! A deep Shadow covered
the land, and Night came upon my people.







THE Shadow lay heavy, like hunger.
I cried to MAN-I-TO to lift the shadow.

MAN-I-TO sent Yotin, the Four-faced.
Yotin came to the place of Council: came
Kee-wa-din, wrapped in snow blanket:
hiding his grief from all eyes.



Came Saw-in-a-hau, flowers wound about her loins;
and she knew tears.

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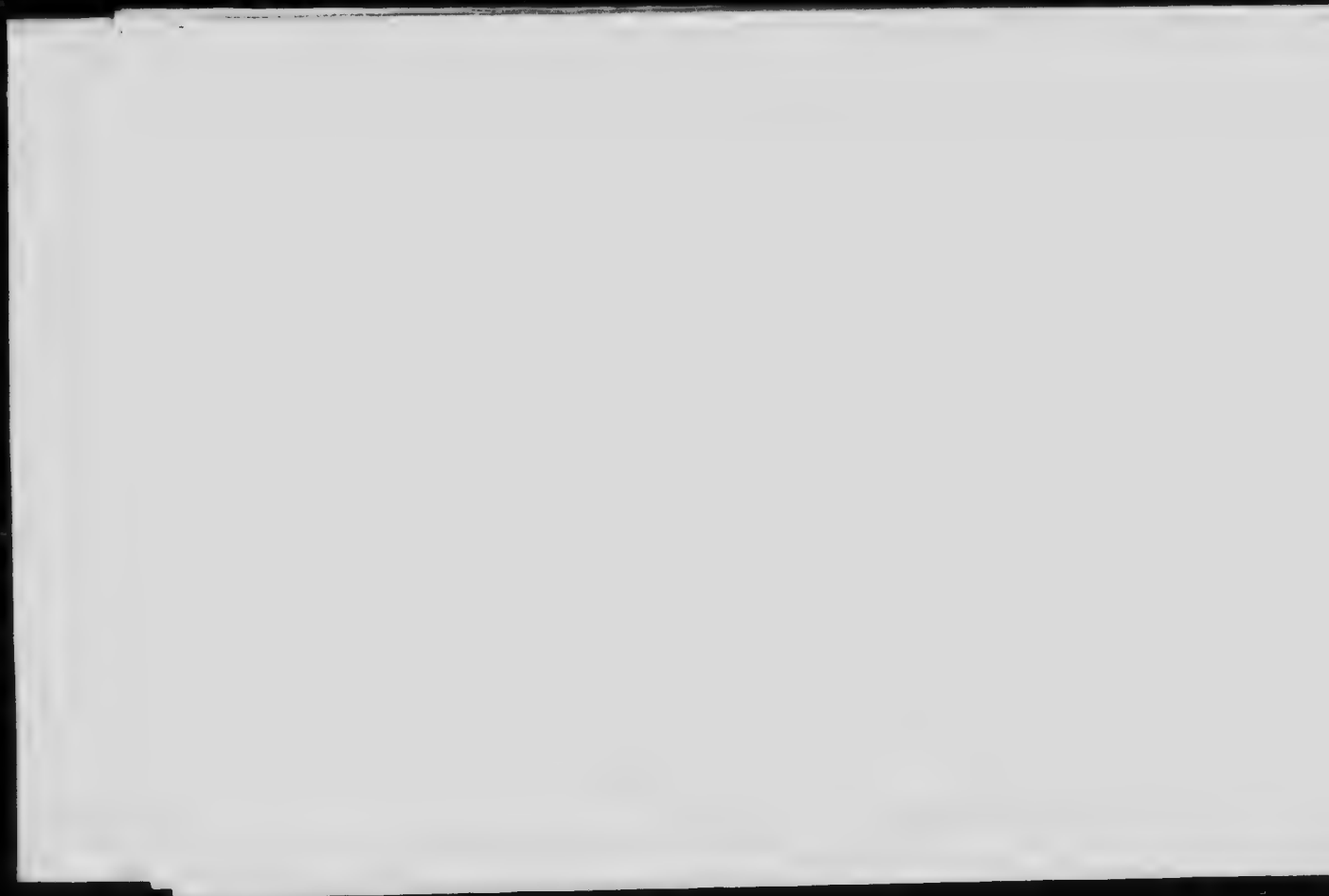
CAME Nai-cap-ha-au, wrapped in
mountain mists and dews;
and wailing came Wap-in-ook,

old man, his head white by reason of many snows,
many sorrows!



CAME they to speak in Council, but coming they found the
Peace-pipe broken.

Brothers who had played together, hunted together, feasted
together and starved together, strong in the grasp of Hate; blood
pouring like Spring rain, and the grasses red-wet!



YOTIN spoke and the earth trembled:

"Here a great people once met in council.

Here Acha-has-ka-te ruled. Came Kus-ko-wum-usk like the snake—the hiss sounds in the ear of brothers—their hands are lifted each against the other: The chase is abandoned—the camp-fire but a circle of ashes. A once great Race is now as a broken reed, and for the children there shall be no To-morrow."



THEN, power of speech being given me, I spoke, and my
voice was shamed in its sound:

“Have pity, great Yotin! The pride of our Race is starved.

The humility of the grey rock is our garment. The land is parched—the Hunting-grounds bare—nature sterile—and emptiness

has come upon the land! Moos-toos wanders by lost rivers, and

Umisk destroys the dam! Here where the voices of our



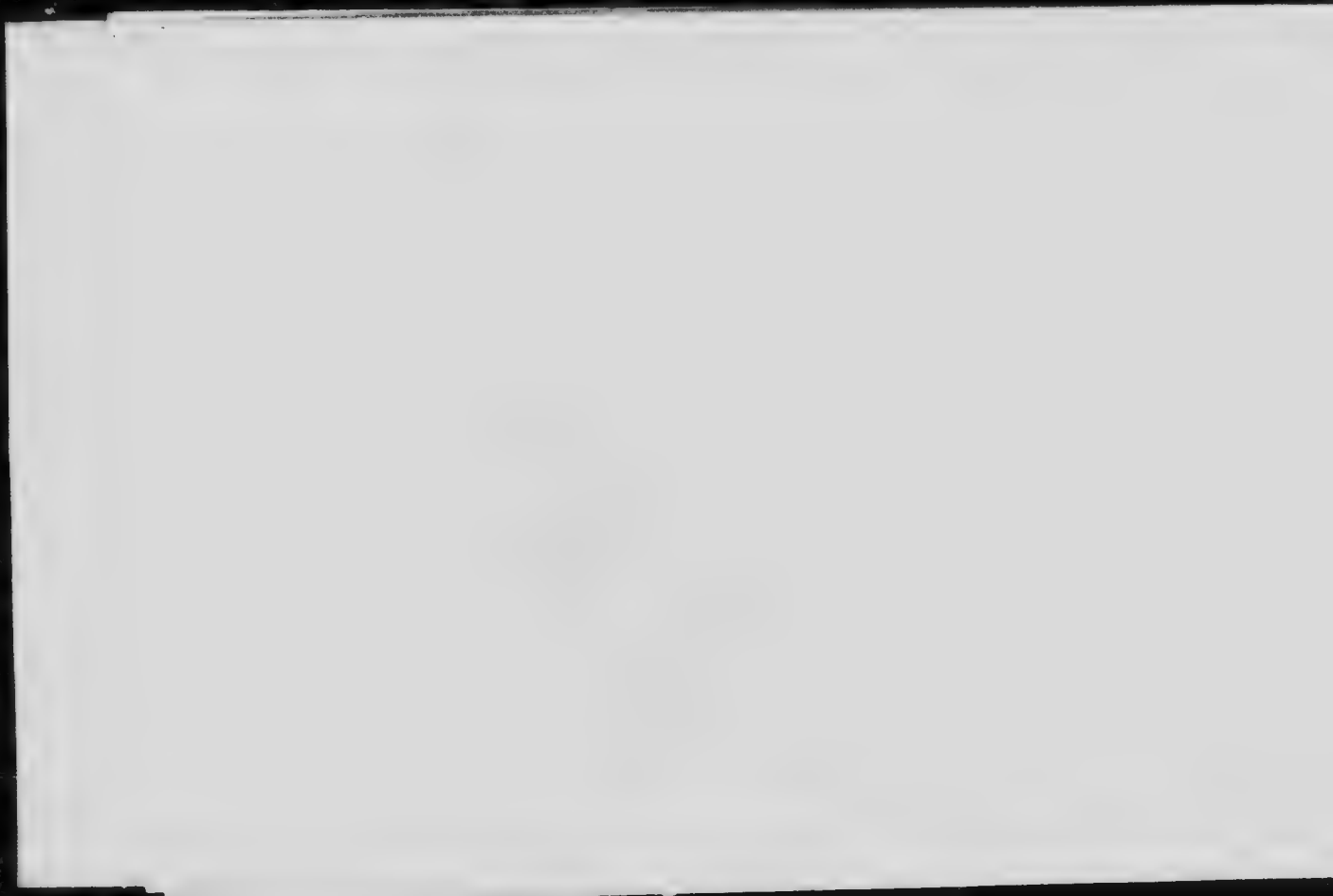
children made music to the ear is heard only the echo of their sighs! Tell me, great Yotin, are my people to know gladness no more—shall we sit in Council no more again forever?"

Yotin made answer:

"Here dwelt Acha-has-ka-te—here shone the Moon of plenty.

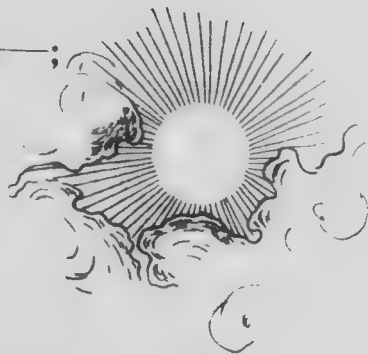
Kusk-ko-wum-usk darkens your
lodges—the eyes of your people are
as the eyes of the Bat!"



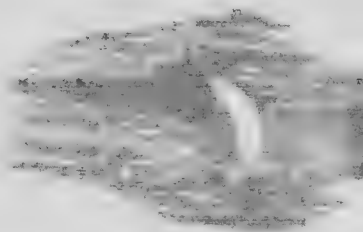


SO spoke Yotin, and the Hills, hearing, moaned as a mother
does over the dead body of ne-stum-o-san.

Hearing the words my head bowed in shame—;
a deep sleep came upon me—my heart was
weary; and when my eyes lifted, lo! it was a
new Day and all the world was changed!



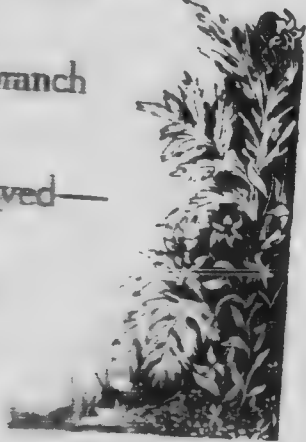
Shone a new Sun in the heavens.

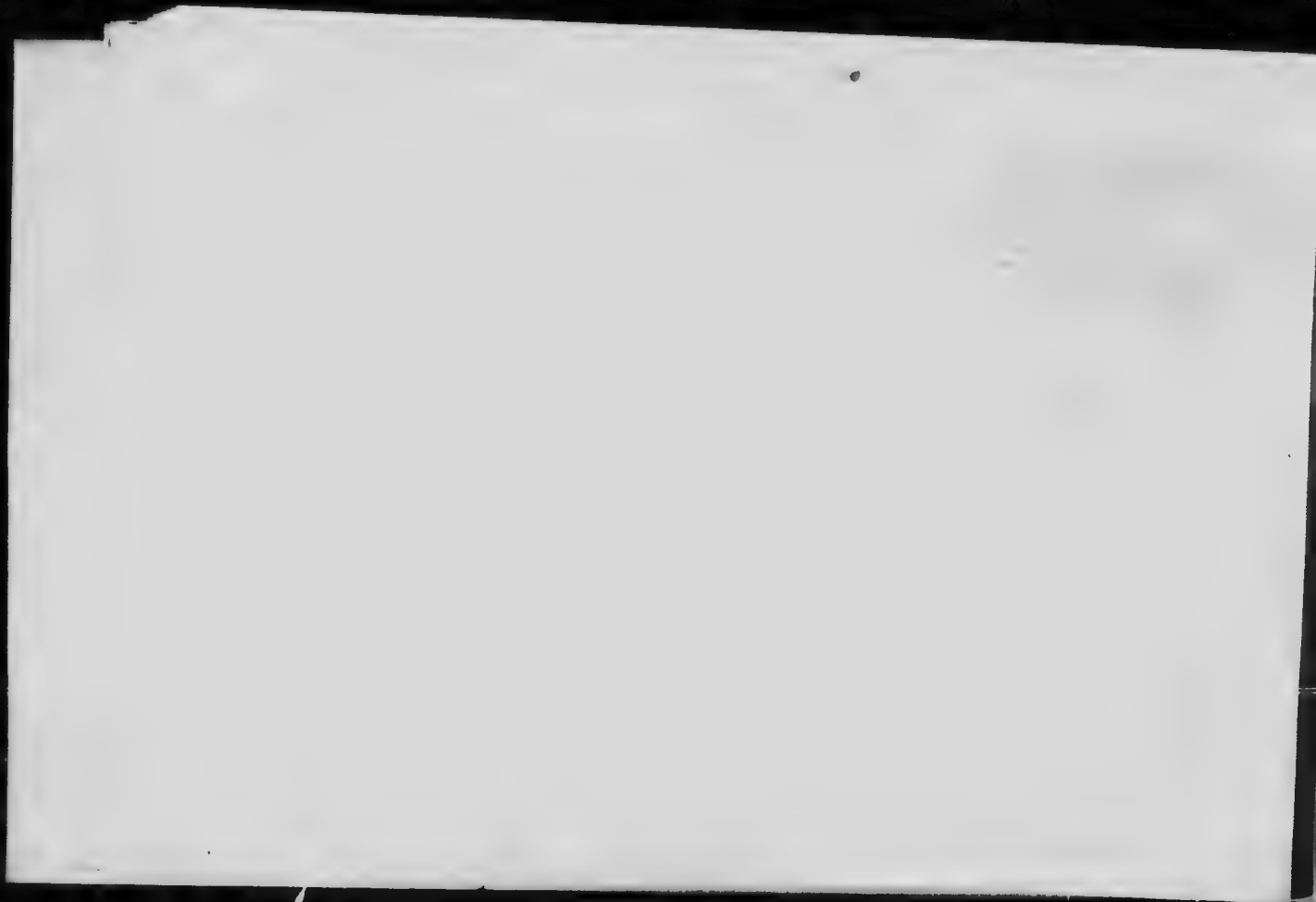




SAT a new Moon upon whose pale
horn the Toma-hawk should never

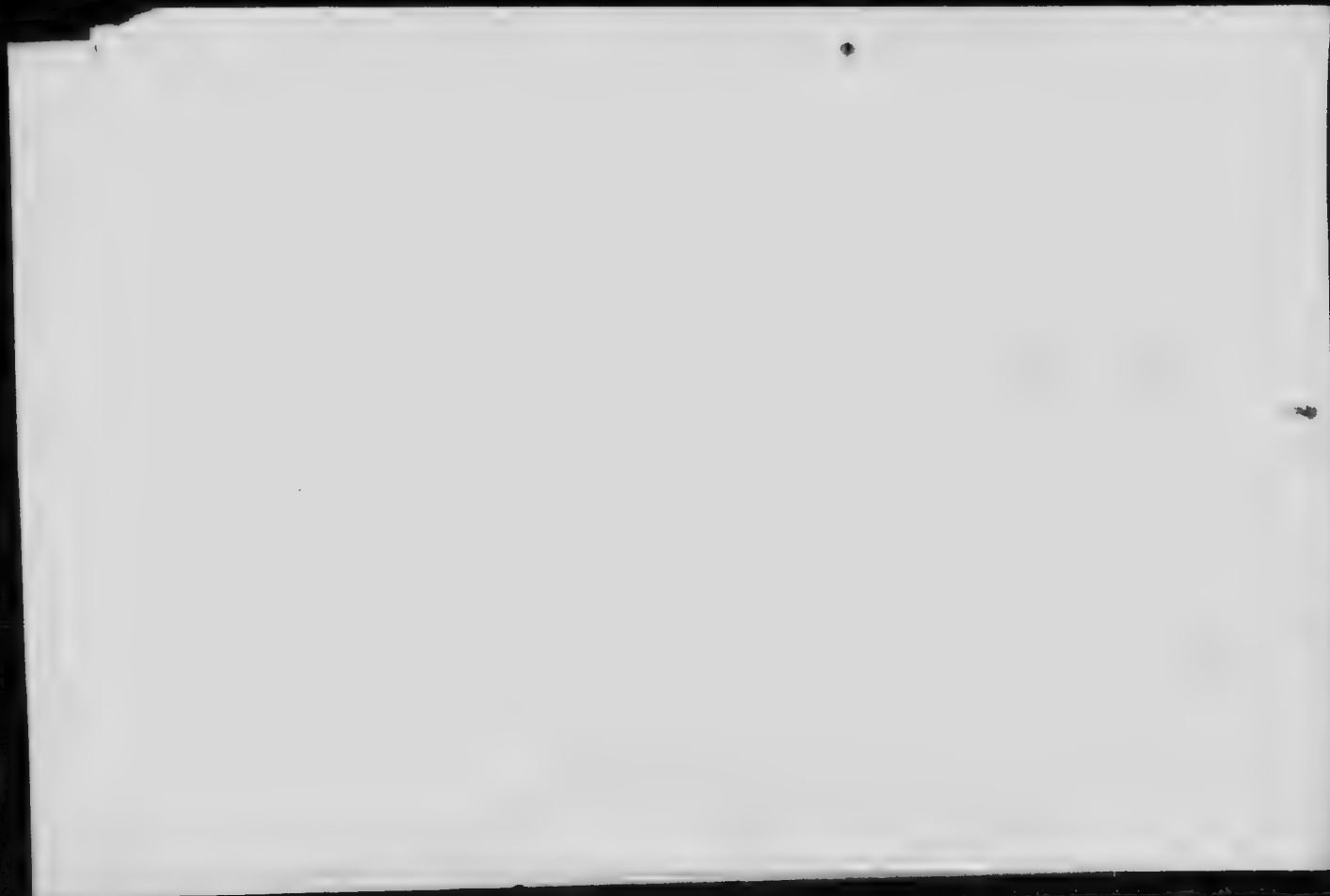
again hang. Flower and fern smiled—leaf and branch
danced; by laughing waters pale-faced children played—
and on the sweetened air came the song of Toil!





IN the morning light shone a new Trail and upon it rose a city
greater than any.

But the lodges of my people—the children of my race? They
were no more: the War-Cry died out when Moos-toos sent a last
call to his mate by lost rivers.



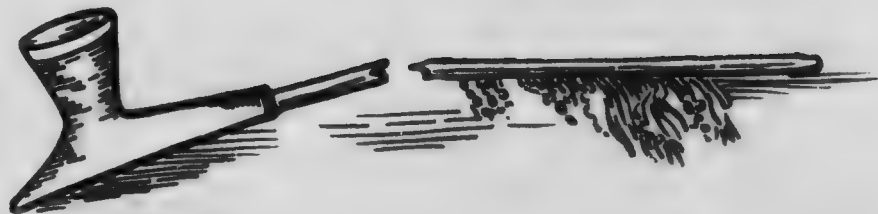
WHERE my people sat in Council is a great Silence.

My people! whose blood was wine of these rivers—
whose body was made of this dust—whose breath was formed
of this air—They have become as a wraith and as a Shadow!

I tell these things that the Moons to come

shall keep memory of my people.

1876





INDIAN TERMS

THEIR MEANING

Kus-ko-wum-usk	-	-	-	War
Man-i-to	-	-	-	Great Spirit, God
Yotin	-	-	-	The Winds
Kee-wa-din	-	-	-	North Wind
Saw-in-a-hau	-	-	-	South Wind
Nai-cap-ha-au	-	-	-	West Wind
Wap-in-ook	-	-	-	East Wind
Moos-toos	-	-	-	The Buffalo
Umisk	-	-	-	The Beaver
Acha-has-ka-to	-	-	-	Peace
Ne-stum-o-san	-	-	-	The First-born

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